

54.  
A new Ballad intituled, A Bell-man for England, which night and day doth ringing in all mens hearing, Gods vengeance is at hand. To the tune of, *O man in desperation.*



**A** Wake, awake, oh England,  
Sweet England now awake,  
And to thy prayers speedily,  
See thou thy selfe betake:  
The Lord thy God is coming,  
within the skie so cleare:  
Repent with speed thy wickednesse,  
the day it draweth nere.

The dreadfull day of vengeance  
is shortly now at hand,  
When fearful burning fire  
shall waste both Sea and Land:  
And all mens hearts shall fail them  
to see such things appeare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

The worldly wife and prudent  
shall fall besides their wits,  
And with the hills to cover them,  
in these their wanton fits:  
No succour, helpe, nor comfort,  
for them shall then appeare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

The Seas and Rivers running,  
shall roare in grievous wise,  
The beasts in pasture feeding,  
shall raise south grievous cries:  
The skies shall come with fire,  
the earth shall burne so cleare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

The glorious holy Angels  
shall then their Trumpets sound,  
The dead shall heare their voyces,  
as they lye in the ground:

When all the graves shall open,  
and dead men shall appeare  
Before the Lord in judgement,  
the day it draweth nere.

The Devil will then be ready,  
each creature to accuse,  
And show how in their life time,  
they did themselves abuse:  
And every mans owne conscience,  
for witness shall appeare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

The works of every creature;  
their thoughts and deeds, I say,  
shall follow them together,  
in that most dreadfull day:  
And no respect of persons,  
shall at that time appeare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

But such as have done justly,  
shall wear the Crowne of life,  
The wicked shall be damned  
to sorrow, paine, and griefe,  
In burning banes of bymstons,  
with dolefull heavy cheere:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

But woe unto the women,  
that then with child shall goe,  
And to the silly nurses,  
which doe give sucke also:  
When as the day of judgement  
so grievous shall appeare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

And pray with hearts most constant  
unto the Lord of might,  
That in the frozen Winter,  
you doe not take your flight:  
For that upon the Sabbath  
that perill doe appeare:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

Let all good Christian people  
repent therefore in time,  
And from their hearts lamenting  
each former grievous crime,  
Prepare themselves with gladness  
to watch when Christ shall come:  
The Trumpe shall sound on sudden,  
and no man knowes how soone.

For all things be fulfilled,  
which Christ before had told,  
Small faith is now remaining,  
and charity is growne cold:  
Great signes and wonders we have  
both in the earth and skie: (saw)  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the Judgement day is nie.

Why dost thou put thy confidence  
in strong and stately towres?  
Why takest thou such pleasure,  
in building sumptuous bowres;  
Rejoycing in thy Pallaces,  
and Parks of fallow Dares:  
Repent therefore oh England,  
the day it draweth nere.

Why sleekest thou deceitfully  
to purchase treasure great?  
And why dost thou, through usury  
the blood of poore men eat?  
Why both thy life and lining,  
so filthily appeare:  
Repent with speed thy wickednesse:  
the day it draweth nere.

Wherefore let all good people  
upon their knees prostrate,  
In making earnest prayer:  
(for never was more need)  
That God may spare these sinners,  
even for his mercy sake, (mend)  
And give us grace to bese in mind  
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the Deadmans Song, whole dwelling was neere vnto Baling Hall in London. 59

To the tune of Flying Fame.

Ocke, deare friends, long time I  
 And weakely laid in bed: (was,  
 Due houres in all mens sight  
 With I lay as dead:  
 And I rung out, my friends came in,  
 And I key-cold was found:  
 And was my carkeffe brought from  
 And cast vpon the ground.  
 Louing wife did waile full sore,  
 And children loud did cry:  
 Friends did mourne, yet thus they  
 As is borne to die: (said,  
 And thus they prepared was,  
 And graue was also made:  
 And long hautes by lust report,  
 This same case I laid.  
 And when I sawe my soule did see  
 And strange and fearefull sights,  
 For to heare the same discorde,  
 And banish all delighe.  
 And the Lord's passion my life,  
 And from my body fled:  
 And I sawe what sights I sawe,  
 And time that I was dead.  
 And thought along a gallant Greene,  
 And were pleasant flowers spring,  
 And I sawe where as me thought,  
 And the Spales sweetly sung.  
 And the grasse was sweet, the trees full  
 And lowly to behold, (said,  
 And full of fruits was every twig,  
 And which shinde like glistering gold.  
 And my chearefull heart desired much  
 To taste the fruit so faire:  
 But as I reacht, a faire young-man  
 To me did fast repaire.  
 And touch not (quod he) that's none of thine,  
 But wend and walke with me:  
 And marke full wel each senerall thing,  
 Which I shall shew to thee.  
 And wonderd greatly at his words,  
 And went with him away:  
 And all on a gowly pleasant bancke,  
 With him he bade me stay.  
 And with branc:es then of Lillies white,  
 And mine eyes there wiped he:  
 And when this was done, he made me look,  
 What I sawe off could see.  
 And when he was up and loe at last,  
 I did a Citty see:  
 And I sawe a thing did neuer man  
 Behold with mortall eye: (stones  
 And Diamonds, Pearles and Precious  
 And it seemed the walls were made:  
 And he houses all with beaten gold,  
 And the tilde and quere laid.  
 And the brightest then the morning Sun,  
 And the light thereof did shew:  
 And every creature in the same  
 And the crowned things did goe.  
 And I sawe about the Citty faire,  
 And all with houses set:  
 And Gilliflowers and Carnations faire,  
 And which canker could not fret:  
 And from these fields there did proceed  
 The sweetest and pleasant smell,  
 That ever living creature felt,  
 And the sent did so excell:  
 Besides such sweet triumphant mirth  
 And did from the Citty sound.  
 And that I therewith was ranshed,  
 And my toy did so abound.  
 And with musicks, mirth, and melody,  
 And Princes and there embrace:  
 And in my heart I long to be  
 Within that toyfull place.  
 And the more I gay'd, the more I might,  
 And the sight pleas'd me so well:  
 And for what I sawe in every thing,  
 And my tongue can no way tell:  
 And then of the man I did demand,  
 And what place the same might be:  
 And whereas so many things doe dwell,  
 And in toy and melody?  
 And quoth he, that blessed place is heauen,  
 And where yet thou must not rest,  
 And those that do like Princes walke,  
 And are men whom God hath blest.  
 And then did I turne me round about,  
 And on the other side,  
 And he bade me biew and marke as much,  
 And what things are to be spide.  
 And I sawe that I sawe a coale blacke den,  
 And all stand with sot and smoake (was,  
 And where stinking brimstone burning  
 Which made me like to choake.  
 And I sawe a creature there I sawe,  
 Whose face with haues was fast,  
 And in a Caldron of popson'd Ale,  
 And his body corpes was wast.  
 And about his necke were fiery rufes,  
 And that flam'd on every side.  
 And I askt, and loe, the young-man said,  
 And that he was damn'd for pride.  
 And another sort then did I see,  
 And whose bodies with whips were tore:  
 And grievously with gaping mouth,  
 And they did both yell and roare.  
 And I spotted per son by each one  
 And stood gnawing on their hearts:  
 And this was conscience I was told,  
 And that plagu'd their envious parts.  
 And these were no sooner out of sight,  
 And but straight came in their place,  
 And a sort full of burning fire,  
 And which fell against their face.  
 And I sawe ladies full of melted gold,  
 And were powred downe their throats:  
 And these were set (as I sawe to me)  
 And in midst of burning boats:  
 And the foremost of the company,  
 And was Iudas I was told,  
 And who had for filthy lucre sake,  
 And his Lord and Master sold.  
 And for conetousnes those were condemn'd  
 And so it was told to me,  
 And then, me thought another sort  
 And of Hell-bounds I did see:  
 And their faces they seem'd fat in sight,  
 And yet all their bones were bare,  
 And dishes full of crawling toads,  
 And was made their finest fare.  
 And from armes, from hands, from thighs  
 And with red hot pinces then, (and I sawe,  
 And the flesh was pluckt euen from the bone  
 And of these bite g uttonous men.  
 And on coale blacke beds, another sort,  
 And in grievous sort did lie,  
 And underneath them burning brands,  
 And their flesh did burne and fry.  
 And with brimstone fierce their pillows,  
 And whereon their heads were laid, (and I sawe,  
 And fiends with whips of glowing fire  
 And their lecherous skins off flaid.  
 And then did I see another come,  
 And steb'd in with daggers thicke:  
 And filthy fiends with fiery darts,  
 And their hearts did wound and pike:  
 And mighty bowls of corrupt blood,  
 And were brought them for to drinke,  
 And these men were for murder plaid,  
 And from which they could not shrike.  
 And I sawe when these were gone away,  
 And the sweeter and the Lper,  
 And these were hung by the tongues,  
 And right ouer a flaming fire.  
 And from eyes, from eares, from nanill, (and I sawe,  
 And from the lower parts, (and I sawe,  
 And the blood, me thought, did gushing out  
 And clodded like mens hearts,  
 And I asked why that punishment,  
 And was vpon swarers laid:  
 And because, quod one, wounds, blood & hearts  
 And was still the oath they made.  
 And therewithall from vgly Hell,  
 And such shriekes and cries I heard,  
 And as though some greater grieve and  
 And had brpt them afterword. (plague  
 And so that my soule was sore afraid,  
 And such terrour on me fell:  
 And away then went the young-man quite,  
 And bade me not farewell.  
 And therfore vnto my body straight,  
 And my spirit return'd againe,  
 And lively blood did afterword  
 And stretch forth in every veine:  
 And my closed eyes I opened,  
 And raised from my sound:  
 And wonderd much to see my selfe  
 And laid so vpon the ground.  
 And which when my neighbors did behold,  
 And great feare vpon them fell.  
 And to whom some after I did shew,  
 And the newes from Heauen and Hell.  
 FINIS.  
 Printed at London for E. Wright.